



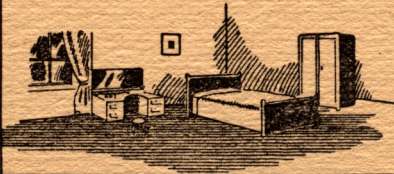
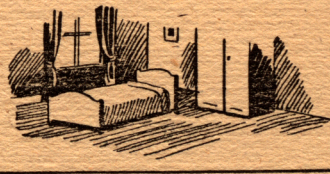



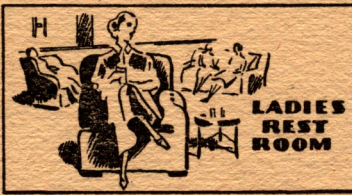
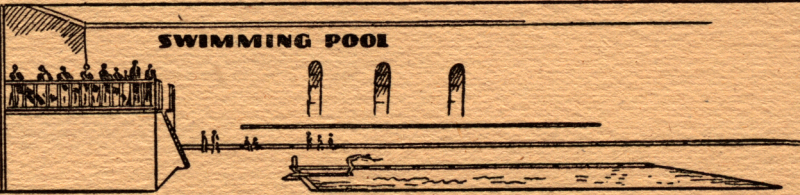
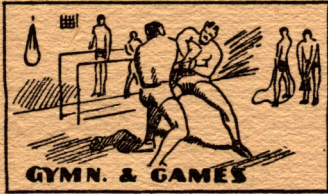



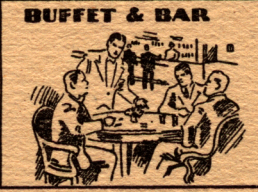
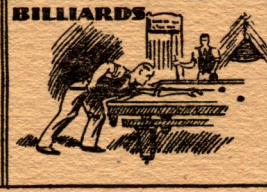
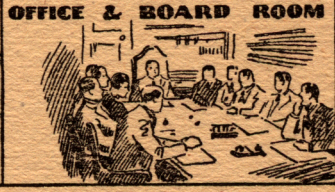

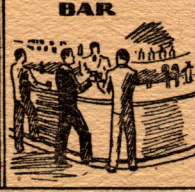

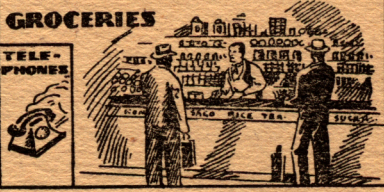

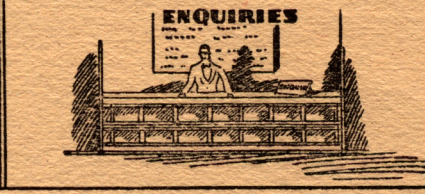
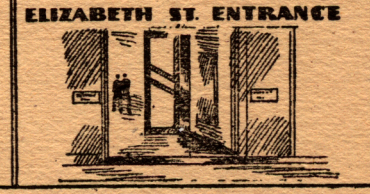
Tattersall's Club Magazine

The
OFFICIAL ORGAN
OF
TATTERSALL'S CLUB
SYDNEY.

Vol. 16. No. 4. June, 1943.



TATTERSALL'S CLUB

 BEDROOMS 			FLOOR 5		
 DINING ROOM	 LOUNGE	 BAR	FLOOR 4		
 LADIES REST ROOM	 SWIMMING POOL		FLOOR 3 me 33.		
 GYMN. & GAMES	 TREATMENT			FLOOR 3	
 CARD ROOMS	 BUFFET & BAR	 BILLIARDS	 OFFICE & BOARD ROOM	FLOOR 2	
 CLUB ROOM	 BAR	 BARBER	 GROCERIES	FLOOR 1	
 CASTLEREAGH ST. ENTRANCE		 ENQUIRIES	 ELIZABETH ST. ENTRANCE		GROUND FLOOR



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1858.

TATTERSALL'S CLUB

157 ELIZABETH STREET
SYDNEY



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Treasurer :

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F. G. UNDERWOOD



Secretary :

T. T. MANNING

WHEN you associate yourselves with the achievements of the forces, talking in terms of "we," do you pause to calculate the measure of your service? What is it worth? Do you believe that an occasional contribution to a war loan or a war fund puts you in credit? If so, think again.

Giving doesn't mean much if you have it to give. What are you DOING? Doing your best, eh? Just what does that best represent compared with the task of the fighting forces?

Perhaps you think you should do more? How? Through your club and by following the example it sets. Help to sustain its public record for leadership and service by getting behind its appeals for war charities and by subscribing through the club to war loans and war appeals.

In your demeanour in club remember that you are being given the best service possible under wartime conditions. Difficulties are not diminishing and are unlikely to do so. You may assist to overcome them as they arise by personal contributions in the sporting qualities of goodwill, sweet reasonableness and cordial co-operation.

The Club Man's Diary

June Birthdays.—

1st, Mr. I. Green; 2nd, Mr. G. B. Murtough; 5th, Mr. F. A. Comins; 7th, P./O. H. J. Robertson; 9th, Mr. S. Baker; 11th, Messrs. A. E. Bailey and C. E. Young; 14th, Mr. S. E. Thomas; 15th, Messrs. E. H. Knight and J. L. Ruthven; 16th, Mr. F. Shepherd; 17th, Dr. J. C. B. Allen and Mr. P. P. Hassett; 18th, Mr. R. A. Cullen-Ward; 19th, Mr. N. Schureck; 20th, Messrs. C. R. Cornwell and F. G. Underwood; 29th, Messrs. A. J. Genge and C. A. Shepherd.

July Birthdays—

6th, Mr. J. B. Moran; 8th, Mr. Conrad Horley; 15th, Messrs. W. M. Gollan, M.L.A., and R. C. Chapple; 17th, Mr. L. Mitchell; 19th, Mr. A. H. Stocks; 21st, Mr. G. F. Wilson; 28th, Mr. L. Maidment.

* * *

At the Annual General Meeting of Members held on 12th May, 1943, the following office-bearers were re-elected unopposed to their respective positions:—

Chairman: W. W. Hill.

Treasurer: S. E. Chatterton.

Committee:

G. Chiene, A. J. Matthews,
A. G. Collins, J. H. O'Dea,
D. A. Craig, J. A. Roles,
J. Hickey, F. G. Underwood.

Auditors: Messrs. Horley and Horley and Starkey and Starkey.

* * *

SAD TO RELATE, war has taken toll of many of that team of South Africans which went down once in Australia but accomplished the mission it had journeyed so far to fulfil—repeat its home defeats of New Zealand on the playing fields of the All Blacks. After the Springboks had won the rubber we in Australia were able to hear the broadcast from the field to South Africa. De Villiers, the half-back, was the spokesman and told of the triumph in Afrikander. He is among the killed in action. So is Danny Craven, the vice-captain, always coolest when tempers in others were rising, and who kept the hotheads of his side in control.

From Mr. M. Whitby, writing from Cowra:

"To congratulate you on the sentiments expressed in the frontispiece of the May number of the magazine—mentioning that the hospitality shown by the club was appreciated by members of the American forces. I have just received a letter from my son, who is in America. He emphasises the great kindness and hospitality being shown to our boys by the people of that country."

* * *

It was left for the "Sunday Sun" to remember—or at least to record—the something missing from the reports published by other newspapers of the Duke of Portland's career, following on the notices of his death. The missing item was that he had purchased Carbine. Here is the story, quoting from the "Sunday Sun":

The Duke bought for 13,000 gns. and took to England the Australian champion, Carbine, for his stud. When Carbine died the Duke had an inkwell fashioned from one hoof, returned the skeleton to Australia, where it stands in the Melbourne Museum. The hide, mounted, still stands in the ballroom of Webbeck Abbey—the largest room without supporting pillars in all England.

The Duke of Portland's turf winnings were estimated to have totalled £350,000—including an English record of £79,000 in one season. Yet he would never bet a shilling on a horse. The Duke rehabilitated the family fortunes on the Turf, winning 11 classics—Derby twice, Oaks four times, St. Leger twice, 1,000 Guineas twice, 2,000 Guineas once.

* * *

The last Australians saw of Carbine was on the screen. The old champion was paraded at the Duke of Portland's stud property and various "shots" were taken. Writing from memory, that might have been about 1912, when Carbine would have been possibly 27 years of age. He died shortly afterwards.

* * *

Congratulations to Mr. J. R. Lewis on his accession to the post

of General Secretary of the N.S.W. Branch of the Returned Sailors, Soldiers and Airmen's Imperial League of Australia. This typical Digger claims the goodwill of his fellow Club members, and his well-wishers are legion.

* * *

An incident at the Wagga Wagga Cup meeting recorded by Roland Pullen in the "Sunday Telegraph":

A steward reported that one city visitor had attempted to enter the racecourse through the horse gate under a horse rug. He was not admitted. Later the same visitor returned pushing a lawnmower. The lawnmower was taken from him. Later he was seen walking in backwards.

* * *

The reason that a horse can't buck while his tail is stretched straight out behind him, while a bull or bullock never arches his back without his rudder held firmly aloft, lies in the muscular structure of the two types of quadruped, developed out of the different ways of rising ("Naturala" writes in the "Bulletin"). The bovine fights with his head down, his hindquarters held stiff; the horse fights with head up, hindquarters loosely pivoting the thrusting head and the thrashing forefeet. In attempting to dislodge a rider the distressed, perhaps angry, animal uses the same muscles. The bull's head goes down, while with a series of plunges, accompanied by swift side shakes, he tries to throw his burden. That his tail is elevated—well, the bovine tail is always held aloft in battle, the tail informing spectator cows that the battle is on. The defeated bull drops his tail and flees. The horse in bucking arches his spine in the shape of a bow, the tail being a continuation of the spine and necessarily conforming to the bend.

* * *

An English writer, in discussing stallions which in their old age sired good horses, says:—

Bend Or was 25 years old when he got Radium, though his dam was

only 11 at the time of his birth. Son-in-Law sired Epigram, one of the stoutest of all his sons, when he was 21, and Statute, the youngest of his winning stock, three years later. Gallinule, foaled in 1884, died on January 9, 1912, shortly before the birth of his son Torloisk, who did good service in the late Sir Edward Hutton's colours. St. Simon died, aged 27, on April 2, 1908, the year in which his two good sons Jugger-naut and St. Girons were foaled. As regards longevity on the dam's side, that famous brood mare Plucky Liege, who numbered among her earlier produce Admiral Drake, Sir Gallahad III, Bull Dog and Bel Aethel, produced her Derby winner, Bois Rous-sel, at the age of 23.

* * *

I heard a radio announcer mention six horses with chances in a field of ten. What had the other four done so to be slighted?

* * *

From a broadcast by David Moore: The animal world includes a large variety of domesticated creatures, such as horses, cattle and cats, but only one domestic animal. A domesticated animal is one which must be tamed so as to be subject to man's will. A domestic animal is one which willingly attaches itself to man and the domestic circle. All through the ages only one animal has conformed with that definition, and that is the dog.

* * *

In other years the captain of a liner on the Sydney-Hobart run used to top the tallest story told in the saloon by recalling the day he met an Admiral in bare feet. The Australian captain had paid the Admiral a courtesy call aboard his flagship in the harbour of a South American Republic. The Admiral delighted in showing the visitor how simple it was to pick up bumpers on the quarter-deck with his toes.

* * *

Probably ranking next in phoney Admirals is Hungary's Horthey who, on State occasions, slams on his cocked hat, ribbons, epaulettes, avec sword, and mounts a white charger!

Had he lived in the time of Gilbert and Sullivan they might have written

another H.M.S. Pinafore with Horthy cast in a role similar to that of Sir Joseph Porter.

It's a pity that the old masters are not present to view the motley parade. What a precious inspiration Count Ciano would be to Oscar Wilde. The value of Hitler as a hand-out to Mark Twain cannot be calculated.

* * *

Still, Chaplin's performance in "The Great Dictator" cannot be faulted as a masterpiece of caricature in which the artist delivered a dual blow—one for mankind in general and one for his own race in particular.

Chaplin gave full rein to his genius in the scene depicting the Great Dictator in a moment of megalomania, balancing the world as a toy balloon. Here was the ecstasy of madness—and then the blow-out, and disillusionment.

This powerful picture, casting in a major role the one genius the screen has produced among its numberless performers, should be revived.

It is a mistake to believe that the mission of the movies is merely to make people laugh and cry. Greater is the need to make people think.

* * *

Addressing graduates of Sydney University, the Governor said something with which the minority section of the people, the thinkers, will be in agreement: "Hero worship to-day seems to be reserved for athletes and film stars, whereas Cabinet Ministers, politicians, Generals and Admirals don't receive the respect they deserve."

* * *

Who are to blame, or what is to blame, for a majority opinion ranking the leaders in statecraft, the arts, the sciences and war among the also-rans? I would be prepared to wager that twelve persons picked at random in many quarters would know more of Darby Munro than of Montgomery. And you could name your own odds that, whereas Robert Taylor would hold up the traffic, were he to come to Sydney, Alexis Carrel would pass unheralded and unnoticed.

Joe E. Brown hit the headlines. A personality with a big mind might claim a few lines in the personal columns of the great dailies.

* * *

Too many persons commanding media of publicity—specially the columnist tribe to which I belonged—are content, nowadays, to deal in trivia, to "sing 'em muck." For example, the columnist of the New York "Daily News" ranted about the reception accorded the Duke and Duchess of Windsor by Congress at Washington: "Our Congress still loves a lover. Its mind is on war, but its heart belongs to Wally."

Similar drivel is shovelled from the screen in sarong scenes, and over the air by Mary Martin and her radio-sister, Tony.

* * *

Dorothy Lamour is all right in her sphere as a dispenser of artificial thrills—but not only Dottie; those she-men singers of sweetheart songs, they have their public, too.

What with these and with lyrical columnists one recalls the attitude of an English serviceman home on Blighty leave during the previous war. Surveying the scene and observing the headlines, he remarked: "Surely we are fighting this war for more than Lady Diana Manners."

* * *

Those who read (and approved) previous references here to "a screechy age in which every average performer was credited with the title of 'ace' or 'star,'" will derive satisfaction from this passage of a broadcast to the A.B.C. by J. B. Priestley:

We can leave all the hysterical shouting and screaming, all the propaganda nonsense, all the crazy over-colouring and over-dramatising of every scrap of war news, to our enemies who are masters of this technique, which is chiefly intended as a present from rogues to fools.

I feel myself that we democrats who relax by expressing our minds freely and forcibly should prefer the cool tone; should take it easy, should avoid stupendous adjectives and humourless exaggeration, leaving all that stuff to Goebbels and his screaming giants.

(Continued on Page 4.)

The Club Man's Diary

(Continued from Page 3.)

The Quiz Kids flopped on a question requiring them to give the colloquial names for the people of the various States—such as Cornstalks for New South Welshmen. However, one of the girls brought down the house by referring to West Australians as “gold diggers.”

* * *

The report of a case in which a man had been charged with having thrown a beer bottle at another man, recalled an occasion when one James Ryan was fined for having thrown “a bottle containing beer” at an opponent.

An afternoon paper had published the story, whereupon another James Ryan—this one a well known journalist who contributed brilliant matter under the nom de guerre of “Narrangiboori”—intervened to disclaim any relationship with the man who had “thrown away” a bottle of beer.

Indeed, the journalist questioned whether any true member of the tribe of Ryan would be guilty of such a wasteful act. The Ryans, he conceded, might throw bottles on occasion, but it could be taken for granted that the contents had been consumed beforehand. He begged the newspaper to publish his rebuttal as, he said, he had no conscience to remain under the slur of a suggestion of having, mistakenly or by deliberation, sacrificed a bottle unrelieved of its contents.

Jimmy Ryan had in full measure the wit of the Irish. His sister, Mary, was known professionally as Marie Narelle, a sweet singer of Irish songs, and one whose beauty held greater bewitchment than her voice.

She was the daughter of a publican of Temora. After a marriage in Sydney that went on the rocks, she hied to the U.S.A., where her singing tour was interrupted by the wooing of a millionaire. This was a happy union and so continued until her death in England last year.

* * *

Believed to have been keen to marry Marie Narelle was a well-known and wealthy patron of racing in another State. It didn't happen, and he remains a bachelor in old age.

* * *

When a room I occupied in a newspaper building overlooked Hyde Park, I often got material for a special column simply by looking out on to the spectacle—a real-life newsreel unwinding, changing colour and incident, as the actors and actresses moved into and faded out of the picture.

There was the phenomenon of a swagman, fully accoutred, from battered tile to limping dog, the dust of the outback on his bowyangs and boots, the straws of the plains swinging in his whiskers, slumping under a tree near the Archibald Fountain.

My heart was pumped by so much emotion that I despatched a copy boy with two shillings. “Give the old chap this,” I said. “If he buys bread it will make him feel better, and if he blews it in beer it should make him feel better, too.”

* * *

That's the right way to dispense a charity; don't philosophise or lecture. Be content to strive for the charity of the heart of which St. Paul spoke: “. . . and if I have not charity, it profit me nothing.”

* * *

Some persons are too mean spiritually to give a small sum. They must “put in big” to prove how “generous” they are. But they are not charitable and they lack the true humility that goes with charity. Again remember St. Paul: “If I give all my goods to the poor and deliver up my body to be burnt and have not charity it profit me nothing.”

In succeeding issues I hope to be able to relate other incidents from the moving picture show as I used to see the show from a dress circle seat.

* * *

Mr. F. R. Anning, who died in Sydney on May 12th, was a sturdy figure of the Great North of Queensland where he owned a station property. His character was typical of the men of the outback, broad and liberal, and his contribution to the life and progress of Australia was a bright chapter in our history.

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BILLIARDS AND SNOOKER

Some Tricky Rules of Snooker Explained

An interesting discussion cropped up during the month and dealt with the snooker rule which does not permit the striker on a "free" ball to snooker his opponent behind the ball nominated. One member said it could be done under the rules, but all around him were adamant the other way. Actually the claimant was right, but it requires almost what might be termed a trick situation. When a player has been awarded a free ball with several reds still on the table he could nominate, say, the black and that, virtually, gives him another red to play at and, being a "red," he has every right to use it for snookering if he so desires. His opponent, naturally, must play on a legitimate red the following shot.

What has been written is the official interpretation of the rule, but the position outlined represents the only one where the nominated ball can be used for such a purpose.

There is another awkward point on somewhat similar lines. At first blush it may appear to put the previous ruling in reverse, but the cases are not parallel.

Red was the ball "on" and the player was snookered after a foul stroke. He nominated black, miscued, struck red first, potted it and the cue-ball continued on its way to also pot the black. That shot was foul, because the first impact of the cue ball governs all strokes and, in this case, the nominated ball was missed.

There is a trap for young players in this "snooker after a foul" business:—

The ball that a player is on, after a foul by his opponent, is touching the cushion, and from the position of the cue-ball it is possible only to hit the "on" ball on one of its extreme edges. Can the player claim a free ball?

No, because it is a cushion and not a ball not "on" that prevents the object ball from being hit on either side. A cushion is not regarded as an obstruction.

Here is a rule very few players — even professionals — seem to know about.

The striker is solely responsible for what goes on on the table and it is his duty to see all is correct before he plays. The referee is small fry until appealed to for a decision even though you expect him, in the absence of a marker, to carry out certain things. Take a case: immediately after a player had potted a ball the opponent claimed a foul on the ground that before the stroke was played, a pool ball had been improperly spotted by the referee. Should the foul have been allowed?

Officialdom says yes. It was the stroker's responsibility to see that all the balls were in proper position before making his stroke. An incident identical with that outlined occurred a few years back when Melbourne Inman was playing Horace Lindrum at the Sydney Y.M.C.A.,

and it was a spectator sitting alongside Inman who made him wise to what had happened. The Englishman let the game go on but when the session was over the rules were studied and both cueists expressed astonishment at what they found. Lindrum and Inman argued that as the referee was in charge of the game and had, in error, placed a pool ball on its wrong spot, that the striker could not be penalised. They learned for the first time that the referee or marker has nothing to do with what goes on. He only gives decisions on what has taken place. Seeing that Inman had won the British championship on twelve occasions and had played in every corner of the British Empire, members might be forgiven if they, too, are hazy over certain rules.

Points about rules and interpretation are always cropping up in every sphere, and few are in a position to give authoritative reply in technical cases.

When Don Bradman was making rapid headway in first-class cricket and looked like becoming Australia's leader in a few years, he set himself the task of learning the rules of his game by heart because so few could enlighten him, with authority, about unusual possibilities. With customary thoroughness he sat for the examination set by the Umpires' Association and passed with honours. Very few know that. Incidentally, Don is a great lover of billiards and has his own standard table at his home in Kensington, Adelaide. In February of this year he realised one of his greatest ambitions—a 100 break.

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Live Wires in the North

Army Names and Games

"Sixty volt batteries proving to be insufficient for some riders, superchargers now may be used.

"Batteries will be recharged free of cost."

These are not amendments to the Rules of Racing.

They are some of the mis-rules of a cavalry meeting somewhere in Australia.

Nice discrimination in nomenclature and a worthy pattern for regular owners is another feature of the programme.

A healthy thirst of all concerned also is emphasised by "owing to previous complications, all liquor brought within the precincts of the course will be surrendered immediately to the committee, to be used to their satisfaction."

Add to these one candidate,

"Thirsty," by Diddled out of Beer, and another, "Vanished Dream," by Brown Ale out of Pewter, and, the long-distance onlooker senses, the frame of mind of the troops.

Somewhere in the distant north recently a unit of the A.I.F. had seven hours of fun in Australia's favourite way, a race meeting, with as much liquid background as possible, horses loaned by a station-owner. First race was timed for 10.30 a.m., and trucks and other vehicles were called for some time after 5.30 p.m. According to accounts, a good time was had by all.

Amenities extended to the melody of the regimental band, control was in the hands of the stipendiary stewards (both troopers) and the proceeds of the tote (if any) were for the Prisoners of War Fund.

Jockeys and punters came in for special mention.

For instance, it was ruled that jockeys vacating saddles must do so gracefully and then report to the committee to answer a charge of being A.W.L.

Punters presenting the same tote ticket for payment on more than three occasions were to be complimented and transferred to the canteen services.

Full rein was given to the naming of entrants for the Anniversary Handicap, the principal event on the card, Bustle, by Thrust, out of Behind, being a popular pick, with Politician, by Muddling out of All Proportion second choice. Tantalise, by Beer out of Reach, introduced one popular theme.

(Continued on Page 16.)

RACING FIXTURES

JUNE — DECEMBER, 1943

JUNE.

No Racing Saturday, 5th
Rosebery Saturday, 12th
Rosehill Saturday, 19th
A.J.C. Saturday, 26th

JULY.

No Racing Saturday, 3rd
Canterbury Park . . . Saturday, 10th
Moorefield Saturday, 17th
A.J.C. Saturday, 24th
Victoria Park Saturday, 31st

AUGUST.

No Racing Saturday, 7th
Moorefield Saturday, 14th
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Saturday, 21st
Canterbury Park . . . Saturday, 28th

SEPTEMBER.

No Racing Saturday, 4th
Tattersall's Club . . . Saturday, 11th

SEPTEMBER—Continued.

Rosehill Saturday, 18th
Hawkesbury Saturday, 25th

OCTOBER.

No Racing Saturday, 2nd
A.J.C. Saturday, 9th
A.J.C. Saturday, 16th
A.J.C. Saturday, 23rd
City Tattersall's Club . Saturday, 30th

NOVEMBER.

No Racing Saturday, 6th
Rosehill Saturday, 13th
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Saturday, 20th
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Saturday, 27th

DECEMBER.

No Racing Saturday, 4th
A.J.C. Saturday, 11th
A.J.C. Saturday, 18th
No Racing (Xmas Day), Saturday, 25th

FLYING WITH FINUCANE

The following vivid description of a bombing raid is taken from a letter written by Flight-Sergeant J. N. Hannan, R.A.A.F. Flight-Sergeant Hannan is the second son of Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Hannan, of Vaucluse, and his wife is in the W.A.A.A.F. He left Australia in September, 1941, and after further training in England, was attached to a Spitfire Squadron from January to August, 1942. Since then he has been flying a Hurricane in North Africa. The fact that he was in a squadron led by the famous "Paddy" Finucane, and his own providential escape, are highlights of the raid here described.

About the middle of 1942 the advent of fresh squadrons of Germany's latest fighter-plane, the Focke-Wulf 190, and daylight bombing raids by R.A.F. Spitfires and Boston bombers meant opposition by the Luftwaffe on a much larger scale than before.

So, on June 29, a cloudless, sunny day, we are called to our Intelligence Room, and our young, good-looking Wing Commander, "Paddy" Finucane, in a few words discloses the nature of our "do." After giving details of times, positions, etc., and a brief injunction to be alert, he leaves us with a smile and "Good luck, chaps," in his soft Irish brogue.

Ground crews standing by the machines they have tuned, polished and inspected to the last rivet, are eager for news of the forthcoming raid. We slip on our "Mae Wests," after emptying our pockets of all papers. Flying boots are tugged on, ties removed, and scarves substituted. Our squadron-leader gives a few extra instructions and warnings. We are to escort 12 Boston bombers, and can expect trouble.

"Thumbs Up."

Another pilot (a Rhodesian) and I pause for a last-second chat. With the help of my crew, I strap on a parachute and climb into the tiny cockpit. My helmet and goggles are fitted on; the oxygen mask and microphone are buttoned over my chin, mouth and nose. Then I test my harness and the gun sight. A final pat on the shoulder from one of the crew, a "thumbs up," and with the pressing of the starter-button the Rolls-Royce engine bursts into life. As the squadron-leader's machine taxis out, 11 others follow and form a line. The other squadrons are getting into position behind us.

At our C.O.'s signal, the 12 Spitfires move forward, gather speed with every yard, and lift into the air. I reduce the engine boost and revs.

and find everything in perfect order—oxygen switched on, gun-sight set, and the firing button moved from "safe" to "fire." We are on our way, and the English countryside, peaceful and beautiful in the afternoon sun, slips behind us.

The 12 Bostons are picked up at the appointed place and time, and grouping our squadrons around and above them, we head for France. The coast is passed and the Channel gleams serenely.

Squadrons from other wings are now to be seen, stepped up as far as 30,000 feet, the highest being no more than specks. The bombers, fast and business-like—huddled close for extra protection—roar on, with the Spitfires looking tiny, neat and deadly. Nearing the French coast, we spread out and weave snakewise to right and left. This helps to give us better vision behind, and presents a more difficult target to fast-diving Focke-Wulfs.

Our first opposition is the inevitable "flak"—a heavy anti-aircraft barrage from coastal batteries, hundreds of them opening up in front of and amongst our formations. The bombers fly steadily on, their escort weaving a little more strongly until all are through the barrage. Our R.T. (radio telephone) now carries the wing-commander's warning to watch for Focke-Wulfs, and there is a slight regrouping of positions around the bombers. Over the R.T. comes the call "190's 3 o'clock above!" Our eyes turn to the spot indicated. The Focke-Wulfs are up in force, plainly to be seen at both sides and in front, and very high.

Our target is in sight—a large railway junction, an important link in Hitler's transport system. The bombers pass and begin to turn slowly away, and as they turn I see the bombs burst in a cluster in the railway yards. We are turning with them to head for home. "Some 190's

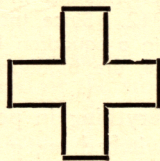
behind and above us, boys. Watch them! I think they mean business," comes the C.O.'s cool voice. They look business-like, with their red noses and tails and sky-blue under surfaces, as they group for attack.

On both sides, far away, the other squadrons are being engaged, and lively fights are in progress. "Here they come"—the C.O. again—"wait till I give the word, and then turn on them." Trails of black smoke come from their exhausts as they dive in a pack. "O.K. Turn right!" The Huns are now within shooting distance, and already little puffs of smoke are pouring from their wings. Even as we turn sharply, banking over to 90 degrees, I hear one of our boys in the next section say, "I've been hit. I'm on fire. Have to bail out. Cheerio, chaps!" and the Wing-Commander's "O.K. Good luck!"

The Dog-Fight.

Our quick turn breaks up the Hun formation, and they turn in all directions. I see one turning into my sights, and press the firing button, and the Spitfire's two cannons and four machine guns quiver and throb. Another 190 crosses my path, and the button is pressed again. Before I can ascertain the result, another Focke-Wulf comes diving in from my left (port) side, firing fiercely. Even as it whistles across my cockpit, and I catch a glimpse of black crosses and swastikas, I feel and hear his heavy calibre bullets hit with a noise like hail on a tin roof. I duck and turn for home again, as the boys are withdrawing after a quick burst or two. Loosening the straps, I take a hasty and worried look at the damage. Apart from numerous holes in the wing, the fuselage just behind the seat, and the tail, the machine is air-worthy, and I set out to catch up with the squadron, which is re-forming behind the bombers.

My wireless is wrecked, so I am unable to tell the C.O. of the damage.
(Continued on Page 16.)



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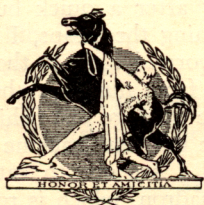
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INTER—ARMA—CARITAS



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T. T. MANNING,
Secretary.

THE CREATION OF R.E.M.E.

(The Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers)

And How the Work of Their Expert Craftsmen Made Possible the Successful Campaigns in Libya and Tripolitania

The almost incredible advance of the 8th Army over 1400 miles in 90 days, writes Charles Graves in the "Sphere," would never have been possible except for the R.E.M.E. That is a bald statement of fact. And yet thousands of people have not the slightest knowledge of this remarkable Corps, the only Corps formed since 1939 to be granted the prefix of "Royal." The Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers—for that is what the initials stand for—were born on October 1 of last year. In some ways their history is like that of tank warfare. We invented it, the Germans developed it, and we have now improved on the Germans. The engineering side of the Royal Army Ordnance Corps was on active service in 1917. In 1939 the approved peacetime establishment was 363 officers and a proportionate number of men. But the paper strength was only 214 officers.

Rommel's swift advance towards Egypt owed much of its success to the skill and courage of the German maintenance crews who mended both German and British tanks on the battlefield and sent them back into action within a few hours, thus copying the original idea of the Engineering branch of the Royal Army Ordnance Corps.

The importance of this tank and transport recovery organisation was soon apparent, but nothing much was done about it immediately. In our British way we appointed Sir William Beveridge, a civilian, to be Chairman of a Committee to report on skilled men in the Services. The Report, when completed, was found to contain the suggestion that a Corps of Mechanical Engineers should be formed; and Lieut.-General R. M. Weeks, C.B.E., D.S.O., M.C., then

Director-General of Army Equipment and now Deputy Chief of the Imperial General Staff, was asked what he thought of the idea. General Weeks promptly decided that it was first-class, and the first steps in forming the R.E.M.E. were taken. General Weeks can therefore be regarded as the legitimate father of the Corps.

It was a bold move, for it meant a reorganisation affecting thousands of soldiers and hundreds of establishments. As a first stage, all the engineering personnel of the Royal Army Ordnance Corps and a proportion of the maintenance engineers of the Royal Army Service Corps and the mechanical maintenance and electrical technicians of the Royal Engineers were grouped under Major-General Rowcroft, Director of Mechanical Engineering at the War Office.

Already British Army organisation has triumphed, and this can be said of the Middle East campaign. Never in British history has an army fought with more efficiently-maintained weapons. Guns which develop faults, tanks which break down, motor lorries which stall, wireless sets which give faulty performances, predictors and range-finders which are inaccurate, reduce an army's fighting efficiency to zero. It is the responsibility of the R.E.M.E. that these things do not happen.

How was it done? Well, the centralisation of the engineering services not only produced a pool of skilled men, but gave wider scope to the echelon repair services in the field, which, as I have said, was introduced in the last war by the engineering side of the Royal Army Ordnance Corps, and later adopted by the Germans. The first effect of the reorganisation was the establishment of a

complete and direct chain of administration from Major-General Rowcroft in Whitehall to the R.E.M.E. officers in the field who act as technical officers to Brigade and Divisional Commanders. Secondly, it provided every unit in the Army which used mechanical or scientific equipment with a highly-trained detachment capable of maintaining the necessary equipment in action. They are responsible for the maintenance and repair of every piece of equipment in the Army except tents, harness and saddlery. Their activities cover tanks, all vehicles, small arms, machine-guns, radiolocation, wireless instruments, telecommunications, watches and coast defence and search-light equipment.

By means of the flexible echelon system a small detachment of trained men can get a broken-down tank on the move by replacing the damaged engine and sending the broken apparatus back to the workshop which has facilities for its repair. Defects which in the last war meant that a weapon had to be sent from France to Woolwich for servicing can now be repaired in the field in a matter of hours. The pivot of the echelons is the base workshop, which is static, and the semi-mobile shop on the lines of communication. The base shop is a huge industrial concern on an assembly-line mass-production plan worthy of Detroit.

The third echelon is almost as well equipped as the base workshop, but designed to be movable. The second echelon, the mobile workshops which are really heavy lorries equipped with breakdown outfits, effects the heavy replacements and the repairs which its machinery can handle in a short time, and still keep pace with the

(Continued on Page 11.)

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The Creation of R.E.M.E.

(Continued from Page 9.)

advance of the division or the brigade to which it is attached. The first echelon, the light aid detachment which goes into action in trucks and tractors with tanks, with the artillery regiments and with the infantry brigades, has the most spectacular job. This consists of pulling tanks and other war vehicles from the battlefield under heavy fire and repairing them under enemy bombing. Since October, the R.E.M.E. have recovered from stale battlefields an unbelievable amount and variety of enemy vehicles and arms. At the same time, their recovery and repair units are right up with the advanced elements, a light aid detachment being behind each front-line unit.

One of the most important duties of the R.E.M.E. is to tell the Brigadiers, Divisional Commanders and even General Montgomery himself whether the equipment ~~the~~ ^{their} armies are getting is all right, and what changes are desirable in the design or power of our fighting vehicles and guns. Each division has about 1,000 R.E.M.E. officers and craftsmen—as the privates are called. They have worked impossible hours under impossible conditions to enable the British Army to capture Tripoli. They have allied to the skill of the factories a native talent for improvisation and improvement which has increased tremendously the fighting power of the troops. Actual fighting creates conditions which cannot be foreseen in the drawing office or the factory floor. But the modifications which the R.E.M.E. have introduced on the spot to suit the weather conditions which vary from boiling sunshine to bitter sleet, very fine sand to the stickiest mud, have made it possible to continue using their weapons irrespective of everything. What is more, these engineers have sent back a stream of ideas for new weapons and devices which are already having a decisive effect on land and air warfare.

This is an engineers' war. We have only to read the Middle East communiques to understand that. We must remember that our enemies are highly skilled, technically-minded, brave and ingenious. So R.E.M.E.

need men and youths with character, intelligence and determination. They must be fighting men as well as being technicians.

The light aid detachments consist of one officer or warrant officer and fifteen to twenty men. Each Royal Artillery and Royal Armoured Corps Regiment, each Field Squadron of the Royal Engineers, each Reconnaissance Battalion and each Infantry Brigade has its own personal light aid detachment. Every brigade has a workshop under the command of a Major; while individual fitters, electricians and armourers are attached to every Infantry Battalion. Promotion is fast. There are Brigadiers under thirty-five and Colonels of the age of thirty.

When the Eighth Army began its advance on October 23, the R.E.M.E. began work under full-scale battle conditions for the first time. The mobile workshops wrestled with final desert adjustments, modifications and last-minute repairs. Then, when the hundreds of British guns started their terrific barrage from the Alamein line, the R.E.M.E. recovery sections moved forward to their most vital task of keeping the minefield lanes open for the advance of our tanks. The sappers, working with their traditional speed and skill, first cleared a certain number of pathways through the enemy minefields, but it was inevitable that some of our tanks moving forward in the dark should deviate by accident or otherwise encounter an undetected mine. It was foreseen that such accidents could wreck the whole attack, since a tank with its tracks blown off might block the narrow passage and render the entire lane useless for a vital period. This was equally true of all the other places such as Tobruk, Benghazi, El Agheila, Misurata and Tripoli, where Rommel had time to lay minefields.

To overcome this danger, the minefield task force was provided by R.E.M.E., and their instructions were to keep the lanes clear, at any cost. Everybody who has seen an ordinary lorry being rescued from a roadside ditch will appreciate the amount of gear and space necessary

to move a 30-ton tank without one or both of its tracks. The advance had barely started when calls for R.E.M.E. assistance began to come in. Surrounded by mines and meeting a hail of enemy machine-gun and artillery fire, the huge recovery equipment lorries roared to the scene of the casualty. Men and vehicles were unavoidably lost. But the lanes were kept clear, and the tanks thus recovered were in many instances repaired by R.E.M.E. experts operating behind our guns, and sent back into action in a few hours. Some tanks, during the advance, were repaired six times for normal breakdown as well as for battle casualties. Improvisation was used with the greatest success. Some of the tractors operating in a rain-soaked district became completely waterlogged. A R.E.M.E. Brigadier and a subaltern (who has since died of wounds) jointly worked out the solution. This was to remove the tracks of captured German tanks and fit them to our tractors, which thus become half-tracked vehicles able to pull their loads under almost any conditions.

As the battle surged forward, the R.E.M.E. faced new problems. Fighting vehicles of all sorts littered the battlefield, and attempts to recover them in daylight generally drew heavy shellfire from the enemy. Matters were not much better at night. First of all, it was necessary for an officer to carry out a reconnaissance to find out whether the tank was worth immediate recovery, and many fruitless and hazardous journeys had to be made. For a tank may appear almost undamaged from a distance. But sometimes the inside revealed that it had been set on fire. Most deadly were the enemy snipers, who used knocked-out tanks as cover for their nightly work, and sometimes remained hidden in them during the following day.

There are dozens of tales of individual adventure.

Clever planning, plus the adaptability, courage and skill of R.E.M.E. personnel, has given the Eighth Army—and will give the First and any other British Army—a repair organisation second to none in the world which even the American Army has already begun to copy from us.

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To be held on

RANDWICK RACECOURSE

SATURDAY, JUNE 26, 1943

PROGRAMME

The Three-Year-Old Handicap, with £500 added . . . One Mile

The Nursery Handicap, with £500 added . . . Seven Furlongs
(For Two-Year-Olds)

The Novice Handicap, with £400 added. One Mile and a Quarter
(For Horses Five-Years-Old and Under)

The June Stakes, with £750 added . . . Six Furlongs

The Winter Stakes, with £750 added. One Mile and Five Furlongs

The Exeter Handicap, with £500 added . . . One Mile

ENTRIES CLOSE AT 4 p.m. ON MONDAY, 14th JUNE, 1943

For further particulars see Official Programme.

6 BLIGH STREET,
SYDNEY.

G. T. ROWE,
Secretary.

THE DAM IN BLOODSTOCK BREEDING

(By John Loder)

For the past 50 years there has been, as I believe, a distinct and ever-increasing tendency among bloodstock-breeders to assign an altogether disproportionate value to the sire element as against the dam element in any prospective mating. That there has been this tendency is proved, I think, by the fact that the number of mares registered in the General Stud Book increased continually during that period. There were, for instance, in 1888, 2,210 living foals recorded in Messrs. Weatherby's General Stud Book: in 1939 the number recorded there was in excess of 4,000.

It is obvious that such a tremendous increase could have come about only as a result of a disposition on the part of breeders to pay but very little regard to the quality and the racecourse performance of the mares they were breeding from while only very few people would wish to use a horse as a stallion unless he or his ancestors had been distinguished on the racecourse or, sometimes, if he were bred on closely similar lines to some horse or mare who had achieved remarkable distinction on the racecourse. It is curious that the opinion should have prevailed that the same qualities were not equally desirable in selecting a mare for breeding.

As a consequence, we have seen during these past 50 years a continuous increase all round in the scale of stallion fees. If one were breeding from a mare of no distinction there could obviously be little hope that she would breed anything of any value unless she were put to a stallion of proved ability. The demand for the services of stallions of proved capability has therefore been such that the fees for their services have soared accordingly. It has not even been necessary for a horse to have proved himself a successful stallion for a large fee to be demanded for his services. A horse need only have been successful, not even eminently successful, on the racecourse for his owner to be able to retire him to stud, assured from the first of a full

subscription list for two or three seasons at a considerable fee, anything between 200 and 500 gns., according to the horse's achievement.

As a further consequence, we have seen the growing tendency, which some people so much deplore, of horses being retired to stud after their three-year-old season, with a resultant decline in the quality of competition in the classic stamina tests arranged for horses of four years old and upwards. When there are such high fees to be earned by a horse at stud as a four-year-old, where is the incentive to keep him in training longer?

That such undue emphasis should have been placed upon the importance of the sire element in breeding as compared with the dam element is the more remarkable since it can be proved conclusively from analyses of pedigrees that there are some female lines which have consistent records over many years of having achieved distinction generation after generation as dams of first-rate stock, while on the other hand there are other female lines which have never produced any horse of the first class, despite repeated union in every generation with the most successful sire elements of the age. If this had been more widely realised I believe there never would have been such an exaggerated importance attached to the stallion element in breeding with its attendant consequences of exorbitant stud fees and premature retirement to stud of the best colts of each successive generation.

One does not need to have a detailed or a professional knowledge of bloodstock breeding to be familiar with great sire families, such as Hampton — Bay Ronald — Bayardo — Gainsborough — Solario, or the other branch, Bay Ronald — Dark Ronald — Son-in-Law — Foxlaw, or the Spearmint — Spion Kop — Felstead line of Derby winners. By comparison, how many are aware of the consistent excellence through many generations of bloodstock tracing back in tail female to the mare,

Miss Agnes? In my experience there are relatively very few. Yet the influence of this mare Miss Agnes foaled in 1850 and got by Birdcatcher, has been so beneficial and so widespread that it may be described as phenomenal.

Among Miss Agnes' produce at stud were the four mares, Little Agnes, Polly Agnes, Windermere and Frivolity. At two-year-old Frivolity, who was by the Derby winner of 1863, Macaroni, won the Middle Park Stakes. At stud Frivolity bred the mare Comic Song by Petrarch. Comic Song bred Concertina by St. Simon and Concertina, in turn, bred Garron Lass by Roseland and Plucky Liege by Spearmint. Garron Lass bred Friar's Daughter, from whom we have had such as the Triple Crown winner, Bahram, also Dastur, second in all the classics in 1932 and winner of the Irish Derby, and Miss Paget's good horse, just retired to stud, Bakhtawar.

From Plucky Liege was bred Sir Galahad III., winner of the French 2,000 guineas and the Lincolnshire Handicap in this country, and since, for many years past, the leading stallion in the U.S.A. In 1931 Plucky Liege bred Admiral Drake, winner of the Grand Prix de Paris, and in 1935 she bred the 1938 Derby winner, Bois Roussel.

From Windermere, also by Macaroni, were bred Thirlmere (to whom in tail female traces the great steeplechaser, Golden Miller) and Kendal, who sired Tredennis, who sired Bachelor's Double (and here I would point out how remarkably successful all three of these horses have been as sires of dams of winners) and, in 1886, by Bend Or, Windermere bred the mare Rydal. Of Rydal's produce, Rydal Mount bred Troutbeck, the 1906 St. Leger winner, and Rydal Fell bred Seashell, the dam of Pearl Maiden. From Pearl Maiden Mr. Edward Esmond bred Bipearl, winner of the French 1,000 gns., Pearl Cap, winner of the French 1,000 gns. and the French Oaks, and Pearlweed, winner of the French Derby in 1935.

Little Agnes was foaled in 1856, and Polly Agnes in 1865; both were by The Cure. Through Little Agnes the Miss Agnes female line has four

(Continued on Page 15.)

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The Dam in Bloodstock Breeding

(Continued from Page 13.)

main branches, through Bonnie Agnes, by Blair Athol, Wild Agnes, a Gimcrack Stakes winner, by Wild Dayrell, Fair Agnes and Belle Agnes, both by Voltigeur. The Belle Agnes branch of this family is the least successful of all, the only horse of any special consequence it produced being the Ascot Stakes winner, Torpoint. Here again, it is, I think, important to notice that Torpoint, though not successful as a sire of winners, was considerably successful as a sire of dams of winners, which suggests that it is through the females rather than through the males that the racing excellence of this line of bloodstock is transmitted. It will be interesting to notice in the future whether the daughters of Bahram and Bois Rousset will display a similar quality.

From the Bonnie Agnes branch of this family came the Oaks winner of 1883, Bonny Jean, the Two Thousand winner of 1905, Veda, and the French champion of 1914, Sardana-pale, but in more recent years this branch has been rather undistinguished. The Fair Agnes branch has produced two classic winners, L'Abbesse de Jouarre, winner of the Oaks in 1889, who became the dam

of the 1898 two-year-old champion, Desmond, and Handicapper, winner of the Two Thousand in 1901. Other outstanding winners of this branch of the family have been Orchid, Champagne Stakes winner in 1900, Lomond, winner of the New Stakes and Gimcrack Stakes as a two-year-old in 1911, and more recently the Cambridgeshire winner, Pullover, and the Jockey Club Stakes winner, Shell Transport.

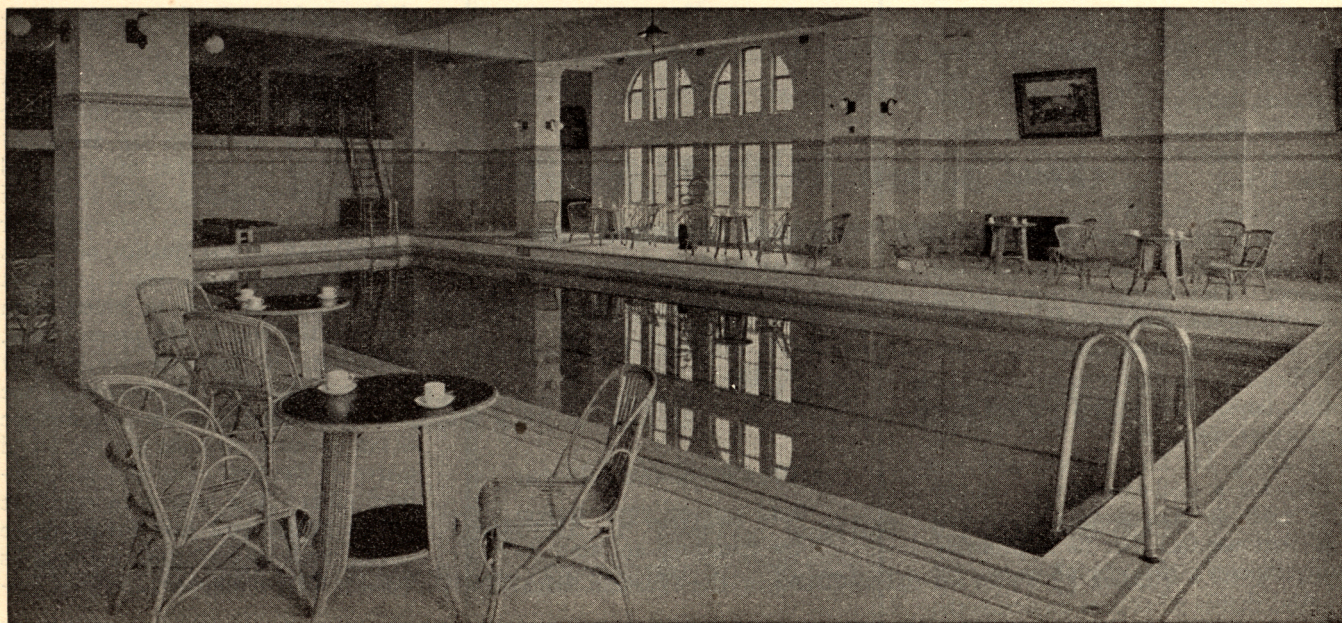
The Wild Agnes branch, although it has produced no classic winner, has produced horses who were certainly among the very best of their years, notably Zinfandel, who won the Ascot Gold Cup in 1904 and was generally reckoned to be a better horse than Rock Sand, who won the Derby of 1903, for which Zinfandel did not compete. Since 1918 the Wild Agnes branch has produced The Sirdar, third to Manna and Zionist at Epsom in 1925, Hot Night second in 1927 to Call Boy in the Derby and to Book Law in the St. Leger, and Fox Cub, who ran second to Blue Peter in the Derby of 1939.

The Polly Agnes family has been, perhaps, the most distinguished of all

the families which trace back to one of the four successful daughters of Miss Agnes. Through Polly Agnes' daughter, Jessie Agnes by Macaroni, has come one classic winner, Atmah, who won the One Thousand Guineas in 1911; and through Orphan Agnes by Speculum has come the Triple Crown winner of 1915, Pommern. But the greatest of all Polly Agnes' daughters was Lily Agnes by Macaroni.

Lily Agnes from a mating to Bend Or produced the mighty Ormonde, the Triple Crown winner of 1886 and twice winner of the Hardwicke Stakes at Ascot. By Doncaster Lily Agnes produced Farewell, winner of the One Thousand in 1885, and by Bend Or, Lily Agnes had Ornament, the dam of Sceptre. Of Sceptre I need only say that she won the One Thousand Guineas, the Two Thousand, the Oaks and the St. Leger in 1902. Ornament also bred by St. Simon another Hardwicke Stakes winner, Collar. Sceptre bred the filly Maid of the Mist by Cyllene. Maid of the Mist bred Sunny Jane, winner of the Oaks in 1917, and Craig-an-Eran, winner of the Two Thousand and the Eclipse Stakes and second in the Derby to Humourist in 1921. Of Maid of the Mist's daughters, Sunny

(Continued on Page 16.)



The Club Swimming Pool.

Flying With Finucane

(Continued from Page 7.)

age. But as I look down at the Channel, 10,000 feet below, I have the satisfaction of seeing a 190 hit the water, bounce once, hit again, and disappear in a smother of foam. Not a single bomber has been damaged, and as I draw near a gunner waves to me cheerily. The excitement over as we cross into friendly skies and safety, I notice I have been perspiring freely, so I pull off my face-mask and open the hood. Then I relax and think of the cigarette I'll be enjoying in another 15 minutes.

Welcome Home.

The bombers and other wings go their various ways, and I am almost alone. As our own 'drome comes into sight, I find most of my squadron have already landed, or are circling around. The grass rushes up to welcome me, and the machine comes to rest. Although feeling the reaction, I note with something like a grin the excited looks of my ground-crew at the holes in the machine as they guide it in, one on each wing-tip. A few puffs of a cigarette and I give them a summary of the "do." Their thoughts and hearts go out on every sweep, and they like to hear all about it.

Now, I am able to view the damage fully. There are many holes from explosive machine-gun bullets; but the Spitfires can take a lot of punishment. The Intelligence Officer arrives with book and pencil, takes careful note of the two bursts I fired, distance, length of burst, angle, etc., and the damage done. "How many did we lose?" I ask, more casually than I feel. "Only one," he says, and no more is said about it. A tall lad with glasses removes the film from the cine-camera in the wing near the engine. This works in conjunction with the guns, and records any damage done to enemy aircraft.

Then into the flight-room with the other boys, each telling of his own particular experiences. We bundle our flying kit into lockers and are ready for a well-earned tea. Nothing much is said about our missing pal; but we feel that he is probably safe, though a prisoner of war.

And that is what goes on across the Channel—a short hour or so filled with excitement and action.

Live Wires in the North

(Continued from Page 6.)

The Jaffa Dash retained its Eastern flavour, the starters including, somewhat extraordinarily, Traded Love, by Bint, Ashamed by Can Can, and Headache by Arrack.

Store, by Always out of Everything, struck a pathetic note for even a hard-bitten soldier trying to pick the Chromium Plate. Possibly Vimful by R.A.P. from Bromide touched him even more strongly.

The Cavalry Cup provided a wider range, a little personal with Lady Godiva by Stepping out of Undies, Base Walla by Keeping out of Danger, and Exemption by Civvy out of Army.

Tubby by Robust out of G.O.C. laid the emphasis on Democracy.

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- **THAT** you can take that cold out of your system by spending an hour or so in the Turkish Bath.

The Dam in Bloodstock Breeding

(Continued from Page 15.)

Jane bred Bright Knight (second to Diophon in the Two Thousand of 1924) and Miss Cavendish, who was the dam of such useful horses as Creme Brulee, Cave Man and the filly Betty. Hamoaze, another daughter of Maid of the Mist, bred, as is well known, Buchan, Tamar and St. Germans (all of whom ran second in the Derby) and Saltash, who won the Eclipse. A third daughter of Maid of the Mist, Jura by Gainsborough, bred Glenabatrack, the dam of the Ascot and Goodwood Cups winner of 1935, Tiberius.

It is true that there is no other line of female descent in the Stud Book so remarkably distinguished as the Miss Agnes line (the family founded by the mare Paraffin by Blair Athol is perhaps almost equally distinguished), but I could cite a score of other families which have shown very considerable and consistent success as dams of winners. And I feel sure that it would be in the best interests of bloodstock breeding if for the future the tendency should be to pay increasing regard for the dam element in mating and rather less to the sire element. As a consequence of war conditions in bloodstock breeding I think there has been a slight tendency in that direction already.

The supplement of 1942 to the General Stud Book shows that there has been a reduction by about 35 per cent. in the number of foals bred in 1942 as compared with 1939. Of necessity there has now to be a stricter regard paid to the quality of mares one is breeding from, for it is almost certain financial loss to breed from any but the best at the present time. Moreover, it becomes increasingly apparent that the big demand in the bloodstock market at the present time is not so much for colts but for brood mares of the best class and for well-bred fillies. We have seen only last month 17,000 gns. paid for the mare Olein, and 14,000 gns. 15 months ago for Carpet Slipper; and it is perhaps equally significant to note that, in 1942, of 14 yearlings sold for 2,000 gns. or over 10 were fillies.

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GLEN INNES



GLEN INNES, 3,500 feet above sea level and situated on the railway between Armidale and Tenterfield, is a pleasant town, surrounded by country rich in minerals, and with an abundance of fertile agricultural land in the immediate vicinity, and with a cool and healthy climate.

In the early days, wild raspberries grew abundantly and the aborigines had a fascinating name for the locality—"Echirindi"—"the place where the wild raspberries grow," which was much more picturesque than the name "Beardy Plains" by which the New England district was first known, this less euphonious title being a colloquial term for two assigned servants who wore long beards and who were in the employ of Captain Dumaresq at Tilbusta.

The first station in New England was named "Wolka" which included the present town of "Walcha" and the first property settled in the Glen Innes district was "Stonehenge," taken up by Thomas Hevitt for Archibald Boyd.

In 1838 Robert Mackenzie (afterwards Sir Robert Mackenzie) took up a station of 15,000 acres which he later sold to Archibald Mosman, whose name is perpetuated in Mosman Bay on Sydney Harbour. This property later came into the possession of Major Innes, who named it "Furracabad," after a place in India, where as a member of the British Army in India, he had taken part in a great victory. Subsequently when the holding passed to W. A. Dumaresq he named it "Glen Innes" in honour of Major Innes.

Other pioneers of the early days in New England included such famous names as George and John Everett of "Ollera," Oswald Bloxome of "Rangers' Valley," with John McMaster as Manager, William Vivers of "King's Plains," Everett and Halhead of "Wandsworth," Thomas Perry of "Llangothlin," Philip Dittmas of "Beverley" and Arthur Wellesley Robertson of "Wellington Vale."

The question of settlement had in 1846 begun to exercise the official mind and so the Governor, Sir Charles Fitzroy, instructed Assistant-Surveyor Galloway to survey the district with the object of laying out a township. Mr. Galloway subsequently proposed that the township should be situated at "Beardy Plains," otherwise "Furracabad," giving his main reasons that the site was on the main road and more central, the soil of a better quality, the water more abundant and the building ground on a gentle elevated tableland.

In the following month the Government acted on Surveyor Galloway's recommendation and he was requested to submit a design for a township at Furracabad or as later known Glen Innes.

A village site was also laid out at Wellington and both places formally ratified on August 10, 1852. Land sales took place

at frequent intervals and Mosman and Gilchrist purchased six township blocks at Glen Innes in 1855 for £48. The nucleus of the town was the store built by Mather & Gilchrist and managed by that well-known pioneering identity—Colin Ross.

The first Post Office was established by "Gazette" notice in 1854, and the pioneer flour mill in Glen Innes built in the late 50's standing on what is now known as the Mill Paddock.

Until the early 1860's, Glen Innes remained a rural hamlet, surrounded by vast grazing properties. Then with the passing of Sir John Robertson's famous Act, land settlement proceeded apace and the first settlers included such well-known names as—Octavius Arthur Henderson, John Ross senior, and John Ross junior, Donald McLeod Cameron, Archibald Cameron, Cornelius Shean, John McKinnon, Peter Hutchison, Robert Haddon and Isaac Smith.

The main telegraph line to Sydney was erected as early as 1862 and the first Agricultural Society formed in conjunction with Inverell in 1869, the first show being held the following year. As a show it was not entirely successful, but as a sports meeting it was all that could be desired.

Two years later came another impetus to settlement—the discovery of Tin. Those were boom years for Glen Innes, and from 1870 to '75, £100,000 worth of land was sold from the local Lands Office.

Created a municipality in June 1872, the first Council meeting was held in the Court House and presided over by the first Mayor—T. F. O'Keefe. Two years later, the newspaper "Glen Innes Examiner" was established.

The first lighting system came in 1884 when 25 kerosene lamps were installed. These were increased by degrees to 78.

With the extension of the main northern line from Armidale to Glen Innes, culminating in the official opening ceremony on August 19th, 1884, the long period of isolation which had retarded the district for almost half a century came to an end and with its termination, the dawn of a new era in local progress commenced, introducing the day of the small farmer, who hitherto had been hampered for want of marketing facilities.

Improvements were carried out during the nineties; the Gas Works was taken over by the Council in 1894; roads were paved and guttered and institutions grew apace—Glen Innes was taking a most prominent place in the New England district.

The year 1902 saw the establishment of the Glen Innes Experiment Farm under the management of Richard Gennys, and in 1906 the public telephone exchange was installed, the electricity undertaking

being opened on 23rd August, 1922, preceding the Jubilee Celebrations by two months.

To this fertile district agriculture and closer settlement have brought remarkable growth in their train. There are many thousands of sheep, cattle and horses in Glen Innes, thousands of acres under oats and maize, and there is a high annual butter production. Granny Smith apples from this area are famous. Mixed farming is practised extensively, and unusual products include peas, popcorns, canary and various grass seeds. Bacon and ham are cured and pasture improvement is receiving the earned attention of landholders.

Within a 5 mile radius of the town exists an amazing extent of mineral wealth; the biggest tin field and the biggest molybdenite mine in Australia, the most extensive sapphire field in the world and the biggest bismuth producing property in the Commonwealth.

Other minerals occurring are: manganese, gold, silver, lead, zinc, antimony, copper, cobalt and nickel.

A great capital sum is represented in the State forests in the Glen Innes district in which are contained millions of feet of both hard and soft woods of first commercial quality.

The town of Glen Innes, the centre of this rich and fertile area, is considered to be one of the foremost towns in New England with gas, electricity, water and sewerage numbered among its up to date facilities. The civic centre is well served by extensive park areas and modern commercial buildings and institutions whilst among the beautiful non-indigenous trees are comfortable homes.

And to the pioneers of this pleasant place who by their strivings have prepared for us such a magnificent heritage, we pay due homage for their record of courage, endurance and enterprise which have made Glen Innes, in the "land of the Beardies," the pride of the New England district.



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